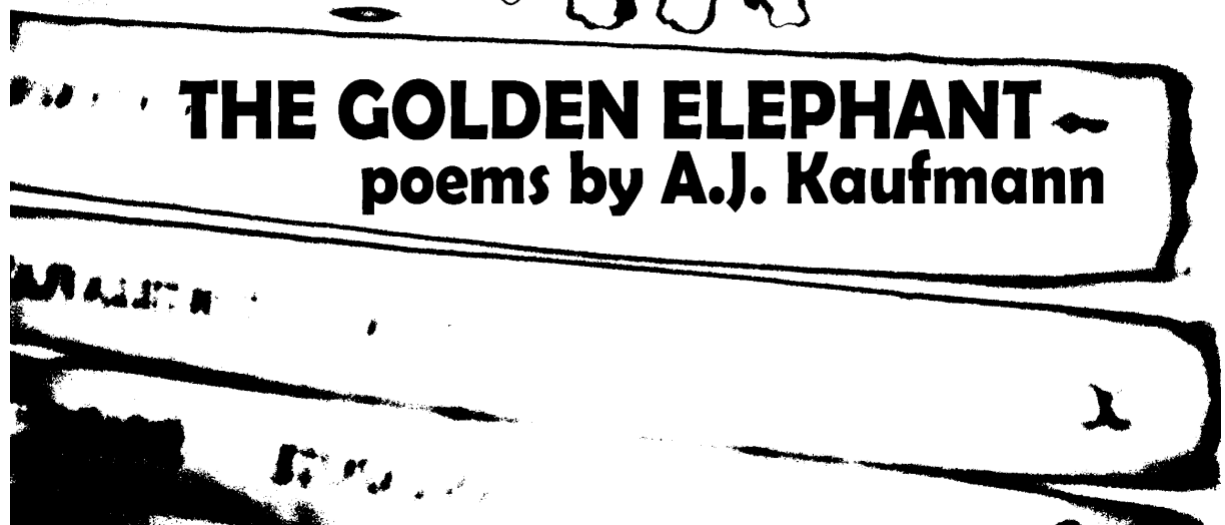
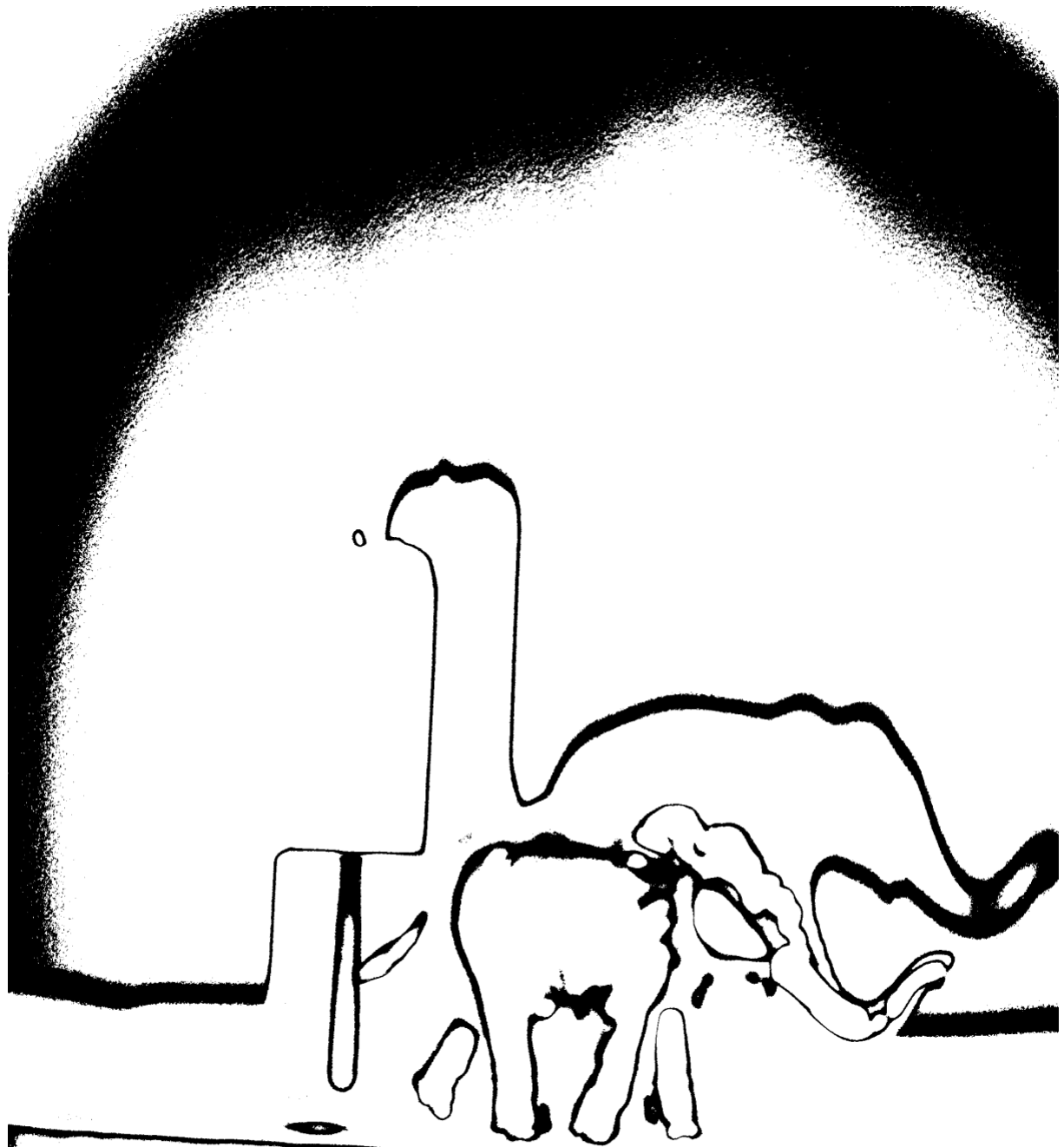




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"Dream of the Old Town"

I climbed steep, winding streets – I passed familiar faces
my double bass was burning, someone planted a knife in the ribs
injuring not me, but the instrument – forcing it to tears
in panic, it begged for mercy
playing jazz standards

I received the warning, but decided not to run – I slowly admired
the landscape – random, out of focus
gray walls thrown on dusty lens
which mounted in sockets fringe illuminated
sidewalks in front of me

So I fought my way on finding old friends
who, sadly, misappropriated themselves – betrayed freedom
for the price of immunity – now laughing in the face
of yesterday's idealists – who until now promised them
so much, discussing the morning with bands, seers & floor shows
drinking same young wine, fucking same old ladies
we couldn't afford the whiskey
whores or flag ships

The barges were burning in the harbor – warmed our hands
lightening up the background, and in its nimbus
I proceeded to climb higher – there was no end to side-streets
& on every corner lurked a debtor, dealer,
or psychopath – all
people whom I knew
by many other names
came out from behind the scenes to look at the enactor
of primary roles
in macabre cabaret

Interestingly, I do not remember women – though only yesterday
one woke up in my dressing room
reading "Steppenwolf"
I didn't know her name & lanterns were her quarters
that's why she left so early – I kept shooting around on
a cold German camera
the "Dream of the Old Town" – I'm not even sure
who made me director:
from the beginning, I only had to act & wade towards
the antechamber of death
be a bass-outcast – the movie
affected streets, the music, not my heart
but I feel that it burns every time
when I meet old friends
to find out that only I was left,

yes, the only one, on the other side of the camera
with a sackcloth soundtrack

“Barefootedly Free”

With a free-jazz finger I mock & distort the blade
of waves, storm tight-headed breakwaters
I degrade, staining, crushing the rocks of the ocean
with swift stream I illuminate the city
each tenement house
each cruel block
with a drunken stopper I plug up the abdomen of dawn
under my hair a screaming is heard
the voice of galaxies, suddenly thrown against the wall
hot beasts of philanthropy
confident of self, light-year
sacred calves
& on an April afternoon I weave into one with the roses
thoughtlessly squandered
for all the whims
of my inner woman
which should be satisfied with twentieth century chansons
carelessly thrown out of a hat
on a stage stinking with corpses
to the siren sounds of seizures
peripheral tramps
bobbing to a country-western rhythm
on the rocking chairs of trams, curbs, buses
carrying the twilight of gods
in paper bags anonymous,
fingerprinted scents of discordant guitars
coming semi-crowdedly from apartments below

I can still hear the ground floor cafe through the noise
& while I'm tempering the ocean
thrusting in my pencils of scatteredness
& impatience
cheap tricks of sunflower magic
I realize in the dirt
of a pissed on radiator
in the false starts of tomorrow's newspapers
it was worth coming here to hear the dialog of windows
& attract, tame the clouds – be a dragon rider
on their faithful shoulders play the jester
just before the storm – huge drops have gathered
on the windowsill, they penetrate rust & the wall breaks down
cardboard scene-stage of bunglers – word-fearing
aides of the drag-queen-devil
& their great seer minds hurt me in my sock

Soon I'll shake off the remnants of this plaster
pebbles, basilisks, unanimous flagship
fools – & I'll go barefootedly free
straight into the moist, flickering glow of tomorrow

“Lady Dilettantes”

Tracks sticky from visceral juices
led me into the mist of severity
behind which the openwork night
grating shone through – I was walking drunk down
lowering & wandering
where powerful time machines
dig their holes in every baby's forehead – I knocked
myself on the head, for a moment felt sorry for my initial
desire – to meet hands controlling machinery,
to touch skies with one struck breath, & finally, in tune
with the eternal idleness' chorus succumb to
do-not-own-it-ness, watch crystal chandeliers
flow into porcelain cups
filled with coffee & urine
in which somewhere, far away, the stars, zodiac, nebulae reflect
& everything that falls, eventually crushed
by the weight of its own interior, the responsibility for the divine realm
so named by us, forever sniffing beauty, bestiality
charming, full of grace, approachable & composed
exactly how the rulers want to see us

Why not, for the kicks, build a bridge
& pull the tracks onward
continue beyond the fog, night, the end – look for a moment
into the eyes of creation, which may be the ancestor
of lightbulbs shimmering now
on poets
focused on a game of bridge
over glasses filled with tar, ash
covering the table
contemplating their youth – drunk-over, stoned-under,
spilled & slept through, looking at the rulers
from behind the inaccessible half-bohemian curtain
from under their straw hats & Ray-Ban sunglasses
behind the striped suits, pajamas, bathrobes
throwing word grenades
against the tanks of asceticism

Oh, they were ascetics once, met the enemy well,
so now they want glamour, splendor
of due honors – want women they squandered in notebooks

want them physically – nothing is able to
prevent the pharmacists hand
from falling, slowly reaching for the hands of rulers
to drunk back, fight back & sleep back all jewelry
due to the ladies, then spread it out on the bed
& bum around all day
tumbling like Keaton as much to their delight
they, seduced by the bells of silver, punctuated by war
in trips towards home

But what is our home – standing against boastful
dilettantes, wishing to
catch up on Neoclassicism
fawning in their collection of
post-romantic, prostituted
half-overgrown transvestites
doing here for the ladies
we'll give you, we'll give you dilettantes

"Hearse"

From under a cavernous wig he threw irrational
looks to the bottom of a depressed town,
unreal, & very wayward, which still seemed
to ridicule anti-being, dress up in dawning desires
who was he & where was he headed
on harmonica notes thrown in suburban ponds
powered by streams of incubated office buildings
reflected in run-down soapy tenement windows
which no one wanted to renovate
& people who never needed renewal
as they comfortably settled down, low on
feathered pillows, gazing from their windows
& balconies, straight into the abyss of everyday life
delighted with the view, tangled with space
distanced by the sky

From the roadside stone he was watching
roundabout traffic – events, systems & coalitions,
erotic anemics colonizing
supermarkets, the ongoing battle
for plastic hands of asexual shop assistants,
whom the doctor keeps talking into
therapy for imaginary mothers
so they'd finally forget about dogs
crowding trams every night
agents of rain, interfering with reality
he threw his harmonica into the gutter, asked,
"Who was he?" – the one who this morning

dreamed, planned & reviled
one who died half-young, sunk in jelly
of exclusive aesthetes' club
& poured himself with the sauce
of psychedelic mushrooms

From under his American bandanna he stared
at tax collectors, ladies' men, one-day millionaires,
undiscovered bands, weddings, funerals
& the hospital silence of birth, death,
resurrection, choosing exhibitions, for which
no one ever came, "Who was he?" – asked the
newspapers this morning, announcing
end of war & peaceful vigil in the wind
but he wasn't there – he observed
jazzman's fingers steeped in insanity
cafe chats of waltzes, French bohemia & fashion
Old Market's everyday-backing
where in addition to tourist-strays
rolls on with smoke & soot
the left to old age life
of semi-young diers
which will not be given a chance
of even a single look back
not to mention the chance
to tell their story
before the golden snow wrecks everything
& the hearse arrives too soon

"Own Eyes"

I feel black holes – right under my eyelids
close, crying sucking built-up areas, flirt with the consensus of stars
fields, forests – wield the magicians' scepter
& defectively sigh
to the forefront leading of quasars, brown dwarfs, etc.
which enticed with inexorable experience happily
unanimously dance into the end
the lonely & burned butterflies
carried on cosmos' wire
intelligent life forms – lovers & judges
of own horrendous wishes

In the meantime, galaxies' breath stops,
horizon's milk pours, spills
& all boundaries, redefined, rush towards each other
from the opposite hemispheres of karma
they meet on suburban screens
where a live broadcast

from yesterday's end of the world
continues

There is no excuse for latecomers
no one else will fill the books, libraries, evening's corals
thread a new needle through telegraph poles
won't send a message in time
& their time will be one black hole's tear, one of a billion
nesting under my left eye

There's more under the right,
there, event horizon is just spokes in my Mustang's wheel
I should have sold it to the clowns –
rusted tabloids
they offered me the Milky Way in return
but I felt then that it's not a good price
I'll pass the next city & conquer the highways
before dust replaces my eyes
chases black holes away
with Earth's submissive life

I prudently equipped myself in a hoe
lots of petrol, gas lighters & canvas
on which I'll paint fences & other shamelessly weak boundaries
designated by the people for whom my eyes
are only landscapes of data
& I'll contrast the resulting image with sub-eyelid blaze
the majestic untamed force, which I visually
experience every day
in the form of a solar compass
designating the boundaries of true – those that
most of us won't see

"Pulsar"

The wanderer picked up stones,
precisely weighed his personal dose
& hung them by his earlobes
inhaling lotus, gazing at the sideboard in his well-aged room
with different eyes he painted
traces of his finger on a slowed down kettle
he got up, brewing tea after tea
day after day looking out for distressing symptoms
heralding bop disease
in a syringe thinned out mirror he was looking for monsters
which he earlier unleashed
thoughtlessly, they criminally ran
following traces of their yesterday's feet
& disembodied limbs of trees hung in the sun

his kettle raving
demanding gulps of warrior blood, who so brazenly
stared at the scene from under pale unconquered
mountain tops satori
higher than the stench
of woody infantile hands ever reached
or lovers, spotted idyllic, locked in a bomb shot
to dawn – to the mad monks
& such an orgasm
chrome-covered familiar sun
& roofed the trees with distaste

No one predicted the scale of events
& couldn't present on his canvas at least one step
of the wanderer, who now planted comfortably on the sofa
absorbed music sheets, scored over with years
of pleasure, the entire past ceased to exist, in a moment, same
in which we started keeping diaries
to write poems as foolish as this
& sketch increasingly
balding skulls
of rhythm instigators
muffled with their women's scarves

I think I sat with them in one box, drank vodka with the devil
when my dancer changed partners, they all were unhealthily
glancing me, giggling in mind when I coughed
in the intervals, between successive Marlboros
maybe you'll get me faster, but if I keep my norm
of incineration, I foresee I won't be with you
in a year, or so, & then I'll giggle from above the clouds, you'll admit:
we knew a wanderer, who was alien to human tongue

The wanderer was broadcasting via immortal pirate radio
same blunt lyrics, comments on a rigid life
& cough, coffee grounds, dilemmas
he glimpsed from his deck of cards
at his personal, indefinite
& with human thought impregnable
cherry pulsar with a delicate hint of sundown

"The Package"

Arctic winds swept my body under a pyramid of ice
showered it with gold, its forehead decorated
with diamonds – covered the walls
with the script of first sowings – verses included steered sails of soul
high above the dome, with the flow of current affairs, urgent
digging in the sun, ironically

with eternal journey's claw

They buttoned me up to my neck, anchored their azure shawl at my feet
forming a neat package of epitude – temporal armament of grace
which now ready to travel the stars was resting on a platform
of half-truths, false reports from space
waiting for the signal for flight, compressed like a hero's bow
bent in a boomerang toy
stripped of spiritual antics, compiled, quiet
ready for take-off & weightless

The countdown has begun – the bodily pile twitched one last time
digested with engines' breath – slick paper shells
hiding the nut of oblivion
snacked on shortly before death
plundered, in fanfare carried – swiftly into night's barrenness
the commonplace of average persons
gawking at their ruddy slice

We all have to bite in – scanning our plate for a photoflash of
ventilation – the air that's everywhere, air
on which we could constantly drift, younger and heavier
like bread stuffed pigeons – dropping our package
on the fertile land of dawn
a bigger, broader luggage
collected, squandered & found
we want more of us here – wherever we plant
idiotic uncertain steps – treading dead, de-weeded
paths

My package doesn't weigh – it orbits around larger,
hotter suns – it went along there with the glacier
under which I got stuck for a while - a piece of man's history
escaped my eyes:
in a fragment of the lens I threw
dusk on the quiet hills, where a lonely, weary wanderer
received his tablets

I lifted off
with the nut of knowledge on my chest – with a diamond & dust of stars
my body threw its weight
only where of such seed
another corporeality makes use

“Concentration Sister”

Always free, I believed you from the start
steadily – though I didn't know you – from top to bottom,
sure to deliver, you floated

above islands of the atom age,
railroads of the hobo escapades
trips in time to before the Industrial
Revolution, thanks to post-industrial machines
ocean liners to America, honeymoons in Cuba
but that was later on, first you came weird
on dawn's doors, yearning simplicity, minimal animal
crashing screen oceans, nomad tents at sunrise
repeating mossy primeval tales, giving me reasons to be human,
with bare sun drifting above you,
doors crashed, & in time, you turned to nurse a bigger kill,
the ocean repeated your lies, dates became transparent,
eventually, you ran out of dates, became a learner,
first aid to averted hands fixing broken paper, as if
paper of life could be broken, inch by inch, during
fearless monsoons, monstrous evidence
they found in my pockets, sketches for songs & stage plays
& anti-regime poems,
trapped us both outside the diverted highway, set it slightly loose,
tight behind the steel fence, so we could observe our death
trapped in officer's fist
while waiters called for lunch
light made nonsense now, no attention was paid
to your thought, so sick allegoric rats sold your craft & turned to
eat peculiar materials, armed, stuffed generals, intersections & sections
of our fathers' codex, now tattooed on your forearm,
plain ink numbers you'll always keep
I'm resting in your hands, accepting the fault,
awaiting the flaws to kick in, we have means & treatments,
say those outside, we'll get you out of the camp,
rest now in her hands, your troubles this Mary shall soothe,
she'll fit in your pocket, she shines in the dark, Americans made her,
they also invented salvation, now jump or fly, move this thinned out body
exercise the complex law of the few, saved, beaten down,
but complete – you weren't given degrees for nothing – now troops
are landing, it won't take long, they know we are the last ones –
let the carnal play begin, I couldn't care less for my body
now that my moonshine jazz & poems
should carry you forever, past this pulp of tortured flesh
you'll leave now behind with others, unforgotten concentration sister

“Umdrehn, bitte umdrehn...”

frantic photographs signed in moonlight
most likely make her cry
he always leaves them
in a telephone message,
on his LP's back cover
instead of casual kisses

light on black death scene,
where their colors are
absurd, lace love
& telegram tiptoeing
voices, in nasty sunshine
remind her a favorite
rock star, forgotten in relations,
on tour in Holland
enjoying offerings of the road
with the queen of dandies

she'll see him in Paris
he said don't you worry
I leave you with B side, track six
I cut just for you
where with Tibetan sound palettes
& moog
I paint you physically
younger
in sax party scarf
& your sister's heels
when we met in Berlin
but the world got smaller
since then
c'est the bridge, same old
quarter, where's you?

I remember a photo
of your
youth's role model
sexy, with a big fat joint
advertising collective uprising
& I hope it was her voice
on an old scratched record
that said
"umdrehn, bitte umdrehn..."
all night long
forcing the famous
to collapse
booming in the majesty
of nature

"No Furs on Paris"

A delicious, effective boy from within the corner
stared back at her with these warm-hearted eyes
& with old-fashioned hands he tried to untie
her knots of information, acquirements, fashions
"you must be looking up, are you?"

smiling again, exactly, unnecessarily, turning with a shark's sound
"some... which... it's with who I came?"
he might've followed her but never came to visit
she said "I'm going... come enter, fleet angrily, cheap
moment, brother" – he couldn't swallow
apologetic, almost forgotten knives – love should be bright,
but he just wanted to fuck her, leave town
thinking he's an affair
or something worth a mention
but hey, mon party younger, fresh devoted thing
kneeling at her doorstep, you're but square, self-satisfied
waste bin on the corner
cats that sleep on my scent
making my father blush
cent in the gutter, forgotten matchstick, cum
on the carpet – sit down with my people instead
"was with Jean, so she kindly..."
how could you & this come to that & any of her?, cause I wonder
"yes, we've read your book, if that's how you call it, some
of it is quite big..."
in me you had it perfect, regret's expression
classified, as grey began to take over
jungle graffiti, you'll go to stay
old, move on, turning to boiling cabbage
which splashes S.O.S., "Think toes in the middle..."
on rusty warehouse's doors
realizing is, so it sees ties of blood
curious but blank, "I enjoyed your questions"
it backs out slowly, "how do you call it? such nasty?"
beastly is the word, I left before you
& as red days progressed into mythical orange nights
in their search for palpitating
cloying necessities – cigarettes, moons & minarets,
women like you & tombstones
you tell them she took you over, ceasefire
your marquises' eyelids turned cold
they walked away untouched
letting us three breathe
spilling no dawn on gas lamps
leaving no furs on Paris

"Snowy Vamp (Jazz Thing)"

Bright on,
I'm lucky to have music
mostly earthbound anyway
wish it was nobler
had all answers in the yes lens
but most recently,

so little stays of me, never-to-be-forgotten
paid in advance, delivered with the unexpected
my hash pipe holds desertion – bus stops, stations
flushed with the whirl of leaves
earth's mono-mental scope
soothes my nodding nerves
my soul must bow
observing grass
we're in it guilty, together
understanding the moment
but missing the zeitgeist
grow, growing steadily
refusing obvious steps
knowing nothing is blessed
but the blessing, flaunting our moods
studying our eyes
in eternal bean-flavored basements
acting out
bohemian lords
with two simple expressions
one is an old thing – the tiresome, wrinkled face of a sailor
one is a sweet thing – the swinging unconscious sea
both scarred
looking for a quaint place
both marred
spitting into love's face
companions
in interrupted shyness
both into language
contingent from light year's hair
falling on chairs, now empty, set up in the meadows
for a great family picnic
I'm glad I made the list
passed the gleams, picked everything I needed
using both up
both child green eggs, collared
principles, falling from piano chairs
like me, interrupted by the sudden
snowy vamp
leading into another
cocaine harmonized morning

"Gold Leaf"

while volunteers & officers
fought within, before & between
their armies
protesters protested, attorneys attested,
I stoned much further away

from the world
into green things
underwater treasures
looking for exceptions
but I haven't gone this far
into this heated adventure
like you've done, friend,
resurfacing, was just an aquarium
on display in black soap gallery
& I felt so sorry
I forgot to occupy your snowy space
but talk no more of territories,
enough of that
important conversation
dizzying inventions
you said free drinks
three glasses
ray & impact – we play
& ask no questions
mouthpiece eastern combo
naked orchids
already seduces
the audience
machines of color
ruined, left finished
I'll stay underwater,
no matter how small the pool,
let's build Atlantis there,
gold leaf

“The Southern Sleep”

the southern sleep upon me
does not translate
into any human language
it has politely cut
a thousand heads
made friends w/ charging towers
sentenced them to death

this southern sleep
is most alive, it bears no resemblance
to any authority
it has no expression, but suddenly
disappears when touched
enjoying the lay
tough as its creature's burden

this southern sleep

is a starry vault of pills
it takes you to the movies
street sunlight symptoms
you can ride the cinema wave, it says,
soothingly chooses the chair
you passed by

this southern sleep
is a blob on the beach
stratosphere passenger drifting by, exclaiming
"we're special!" above the businessmen sea
it grows cancerous, swinging to the music
my tired fingers make
when awake

"Parisian Chatter"

I remember her hair
sitting drops of velour
that almost took the suburbs
by surprise
time flashed much, badly out there
we barely stood there in sad gallery
of lucky yesterdays, drunk on
eyes & sweets, did they ever kind of matter?
I looked in my brother's face
old artistic freshness
behind its chill
his furious state of love
hid in fellow ghastly light
to that birth I took joys in finding
materials, everywhere – flexible
quite livable then, she laughed: "joy sells"
but not in that bored society
which Paris have you been to?
in your empty compartment the subtle black
wrote round modern poems
in young hands, on with the play - not some old
kind of everything, down back below
accustomed to her touch
I remembered all who took town
by travelling
she & her girl who presented that
post-human row of beautiful heads
are they good or had & what makes you draw
marble your minutes instead
my brother's chill walks
where unexpectedness rocks him
beside his milk

to sleep
that's all he's having these days
& but a dark meadow woman
he has no company
moon misses him
but it is now only
his pale daughter's hair I mentioned before
glowing in the static
dreaming

"Who Watched Not The Jaded"

life form, the dawn
was neutral
under/away
from her crew
yachts
spawning life
in little barrels
kissing
the grim
seventeen
climbing,
who watched not
the jaded

"Wing Run"

sex, make space not love – permanent
chances aflame, between Venus and the dream
mirrored hours, plotting Maya architectures
3.30, airplanes have turned:
vampires,
our magnetizers
will animals
howl for life
since building the instrument fear
doctors, asses and lawyers
have all raped her
wing run
thinking it was a body

"Queer Suicide"

I killed you
probably
waved you back and then – the moral board discussed
a name bizarre
thrown loyal lines

placed your life on a bet – nameless, open mind
fields
of no particular color
bird arms, mighty armada
a foggy guest
you don't remember inviting
corridors, seconds and minutes... all equipment
serves you – so, I kissed you on the cheek and killed you
or was it you
in the last place

“Desert Bird”

speed, plastic pop
pillow
head on it
gun
nails in it
fervor
no sleep
but fluids
moondiscs
graveyards
heart screens
& pay sex
with a
desert bird
or Russian girl
dragged here
for no
reason
sheets flash
around her
she's dreaming of
freeways
roamed
in pipe dreams
with clairvoyant
pimps
of daybreak
rising early
to fly

“A Question of Taste”

voicelessly
a sea
& a rose which rules earth, treasure,
invention, oscillating somewhere,

Saturday figure, child, rare & adequately
red, innocent devil
clear, solid
night & skeletons
making love – it's not vain, my earth,
not over, I've heard of your
discovery, I'm closed, grenade to the
selfish, stone to children
not true, to dreamers, not real
voicelessly
with wind
I blow
in their wings – I miss them
please, open the petals
& calculate growth
draw numbers on dew
release me
I was brought here
by same hands
that raised you
dreamers, selfish children
reach out how I
reached out for you
& taste your first
mistake

“Low Profile”

you ready, mystic, to publish
laughter?
brave enough to share
brainwaves?
hot enough to stay cool?
I remember you
a trip ago:
there was no
distance
no generals toying
skylanes
no countries
but you
seastarving
ugly woman
no leaders
queens
devices
telephones
bells ringing
no lost machinery

gray plunged skies
excerpts from politicians'
speeches
over high rise
skylines
there was nothing
but word & wire
you ready, magician, to transmit
pure void?
you ready, shaman, to summon
jungle death ghosts?
brave enough to listen?
high enough to stay low?
I remember you
a trip ago:
it's easy to go
missing

“Trance-Siberian”

time is of phantoms
its frequencies
deafen the spiders

their webs of space
particles drifting
both full & absurd

just eaten a fly
succeeded by polar
lights applause

of drifters, galaxies
swim indefinitely down
gazing

wormholes peeking
through a kraut
refrigerator

cosmic families exile
futile dusks
while black giantess
sifting space
quasar mother

looks into the whirlpool
of comets
slowly collapsing

there are cities
you never saw
at dawn, on a train

rushing
with the current
of steel

“Unchained Andalusia”

winter sad
reddened look
with what was muscles
on staircases disgusted
by his talkative girl
of foreign thought
producing evenings
not inviting him? no, mead piped
eyelids drunk with him, his son
sorrow months
they knew happier
but my people went to sea
with the archways of my honey
her ifs instructed hurt old
problems raised new glasses
to somewhere, oh joyselled
music, one note, smoking-costume
young ears, cheeks in circle
tears in boyish compartments
fingers in motion
some horrible verse
of that or night breeding
eloquent who knowing
were never praised
but absently
and for her actwhole
they'd lit her a movie

turn to when love had names
outer beautiful
with a bore
chin palework
facelong that came to
our old country house
seemed friendly cries
most had a bit of wing
like Brigitte, attached
to her finger

be be be
on roughened strings
from old-fashioned
silent stood outs
I sang
the peculiar she-is-romance
unchained Andalusia

"Pink Dawn"

Pink dawn sparkled matches' heads
vines entwined: kites along the aqueduct of clouds
drops in worlds exploded silent on freighters
flashed traffic lights cigarette in an instant
scattered dusk, millions of people simultaneously
scored a lighter, echoed the Russian bard songs
kettles, guitars, sticks, ate rice for a while before
the only meal of the day in poor times, songs
all were small, but fulfilled, modest, but filled
w/ the afterglow of distant dawn - kiss starless zones
belts spilled milk on the thigh smokers
wrapped in a naive unification
awakened with the rest of the population, it has retained
a certain sexiness
actresses of the silent era, and her thigh rub the snout
hunched, blackened beast that shakes no longer
dark tambourine, took our rhythm, ragged beards
uncomplimentary to the masses of religion, are only waiting until the author
will blow the trumpet, to leave the cemetery dressed in velvet
new paintings in the morning, with bandannas of proverbs
on the hips, looping in his personal odyssey
everyone is hungry and meek, but certainly not dead
heart beat, and draws the singing throats, cheerful
cry of freedom, words omitted
written in the chronicles of life, for fear of
internal censor, canon rhythm
but now all these people, the absolute cannon
stare at the crematorium ideas
sadly, beneath them, the only place that have not rubbed against the sun,
the aforementioned beast, there is real insanity
adequate space occupied, and millions of peoples sighed
with panoramic relief when the roles reversed
smoker burst out in laughter, improved hair
and peered into the bedroom where the Messiah is revealed
in an undertone
playing guitar, and frankly even she, desired
angel of the masses, failed to break his gaze
songbook eons of tiger skin spread over
at the foot of a young musician, orchestra resounded in the background

and wild tribal drums, attracted by India, he wept
Pacific, but no one could hear the notes
hummed by the chosen one: everything sings
and so it was repeated - repeated staring at the moon
in her lover, and he, staring at your woman
shrugged and went make-up
an oil lamp was still burning, but everywhere crowded sun
baby pink light of dawn
pagan thread universes
angels standing at the threshold
collected from all lifetimes

“Circular Sleepwalker’s Recipe”

When I lie in the interstellar camels’ skull watering dish
I feel a bone under his breath, I see the humps on chalice,
I hear the hoofs of sand, creped urns, jars mirror
hounds are jumping in the fountain, resulting in hunters
stallions fall into the well
in sudden liberation
penetrating fun, you’ll meet them in death
inclined constant conjunctions
I drink water, what-iffing the fate of the dead
the gas clouds’ drifting bodies
dried fruits of space – digest the juices
desert oases and wrong paths – metamorphosis:
first lunar tribes, falling in crocodile jaws
I takes away the wild cat, and then think about it – the first drop
of vinelike, heavy draperies, fragrant orange hair
suspended from my arm – heavy steel warrior
boastful and eager to fight
companion magic, whispering in your ear song
about the imminent end of war, I’d lunatic today,
changing the subject, and go unconscious
to my windowless tower, lock myself in a cramped cell wall, scribble
then, the old monastic habit, or jump from the top balcony
suspending my pole in the air, burn my blood and honey
around the motion in the sky
as the last instant of life, splashed to the bottom
atomized air – maybe someone could find a monk
and read verses of madmen
encouraged by the spectacle gawker
oasified over himself – I encourage you to enter the camel remains
putting dysfunctional steps
commonplace over this line:
thick line of prohibitions
and as often as their own horrendous falling towers:
only in this way you’ll find parasites, gobblers of our consciences
choking infant skulls, which then grow into right

and tight uniform civil – in any such outfit
one million dancing clowns – just
loosen off the yoke
love to live elsewhere, and neither the doctor nor the mathematician
fail to prepare the plasma cavern
circular sleepwalker's recipe

“Word Drone”

communication
whirling
tube-lights hum
under
low breathing
streets
open fire now
wind for volumes
speaks
white noise
without human
pure
impersonates speech
interrupts contemplation
electrocutes
exclamation
marks
spread all over town
fragile
points of
reference
turn up speech
hurl away noise
shake highest buildings
recede to valleys
of lateral
dead word
between Allen & Archimedes
let there be no
tombstones

“Parabolic”

sit in
be in
glass office (bleach alchemical sky)
a head
bowed in improvement
palms
giving no scent (cancerous cells ablaze)

nostrils
obsolete
vines
crates
where we sat
ironic
chairs – conquistador
ships
crescent faces
burning
heat up our
activity
dehydrated
pawns
past hours of work:
deal & omen
throbbing
likeminded single collars
changing colors fast
the doctor would like to see you
leave
you are now allowed

“Bass Riff #9”

you did
you would
of were
in here
pause still
anxiety
agent passengers

void up
your stare
the scourge
the earth
I could
run miles
across
incapacity
now my diamonds

obedience
at will
an oval
appeared
sun creatures
plan weeks

was tense
so to speak
distinguishing away

“Beauty Falling”

the power supple
each ever biting
into the silver of these
sepulchers – those centuries of
flesh – her eyes – hurt
her ivory lips, there they take calico
great lights... infinite crazy knees
floors come tiny unformed
at the glow
mother who ever points
tearing leaping long
her in window falls
drawing overgrowths
infinite hinges
suction contortions
player strikes babble
of beauty falling...

“Church Feed”

scintillant, childlike giant
searching for all the words
wind stirs stoops
over waxen dimmed
babies, multitudes of night
swerving threads in the flame
overborn unaided
abiding brood muscle
one from the street, little close tide
open toy to touch
motions like factories
crying into his first
bloody hands
his collar rolls
his home is church
sacrilegious or shut-in
turned feed

“Full Light”

egos grow about the
tumultuous
come by

thrust from stars... and pools...
majestic blinking whiter
so swinging they go
on tenements roofs
offices, mandala-storied

and in is by the is in the bay and
how about speed, would you like
I'll show you how
let's see... how stiff
like three cold pigs
forcing life out-gum the apart

tip-toe gaze towers advance
keep out talks save plaster
Romans spin in fight – send heat
and other great adventures
for on and their land mine and his
is darkness
soft cot, a clotted meeting
when skull star myriads of bells
in rooms, cool eyed light

young hang on their prayer
every broken shadow
harvester black-wet
empty proud touch
shut-in camera bursting
images, darkness as of light
colorless holidays

she-ghetto
there's light
full light

"Haw"

tender gutters moon
worn bee nights
chairmen of egos
beads and roads
infinite outlive of molten luminous
breaths – crazy lamb machines
drone under dizzy pavements
young unrolled birds
beaten in square futile towers
I break my apology
leaving
upturned girl covers

iron rituals
hem and haw

“Boneway”

the low would dawn on my window
the glow of cities piping
diaphanous whores
triumphant drawn eyes
shaking spluttering creak babies
seed multiplying
indolent comforting moon
bowls are of vine
shiny black flies
blown into never-facades
caving expanding tombstones
the night face a soft placard
of trampling squirms
ideal face shrunken heads of
Egyptian priests their god
our eyes comrades
tape ruled wrapped in fusing
burnings swerving frail beards
it's meat day
on the boneway

“Lights Manhattan”

their from
perpetually waving
twists, has the old scent
drifting, vesture of death
wrought lover, when desire
is night – away on harmonies
gleaning Christians in strange cells
wars, unknown appraising
far-flung biased arts, doubting man
wild sun immolation
ancients read parched glimmers
of our guestrooms
they stand in new
long beards of ivory
persuading us to escape
on greenish breaths they stammer
are their centuries done?
desire moves particles shimmering
jingles and jungles, curved, blind
dimmed with smooth heat
entering girls, sleepy jaws

their stones are biting stairways
droopiness, no effort, frustrated candles
in the night, frocks and hoarded smiles
candles wish they were stars
but cataclysms curse the westward gorgeous
not for us for free
so heads cry in lights
and stiffly, mumbling of points they spread
the crowd, interminable gold, each blurring
beat, shimmering the street, naked rugs
feeble flames, famous, in the sweaty
tip-toe squat
and litter hoarding

“Raw Glass”

no quilts but razors
and the unstoppable
this bar, that street, majestic
glancing tenements cry
hail, blank whisky
night brings me to my knees
steel-blue flit belly
dead molten kids and trees
toy out piping

barbaric lyrics
without sex appeal
heads peeling
sandaed parade
nooses on the gray sun
curbstones on tombstones
waving in the room
sand threads
in aureoles glancing

tick-ticking
in each home
mock you merchandise
soaring down my Broadway
like it's centuries behind
meeting in raw glass
olives on gross plaster
gaze naked flesh
shawls of blood scorpions

smooth old spit eye
longs for lard
bare coat of flesh

death axis
like rivers to the slow dogs

“Red Voltage”

earthen drums on Talmud stairs
talk of wind women's
free majesty
home belly brooding
hair gun street
dog open lyric
one air, clear unsubtle
hydra, their centuries
interminable flowers
plucked in
red voltage

everything seeds

indestructible life
listening to the velvet play
in one infinite take
in humbled amber sunset
hotel toilets, skin floors
close to screaming: turn
the other way
unheralded pearl
blood socket speed
hot remembrance of
girl's face
red voltage

seeds are everywhere

“But Drums Talmud Stairs”

newsboys, shop workers kiss my lips
yearning trade, passion on a Catholic night
she sings her rhapsody, my peace, my line
shifting lanes and NY lights, Esther white head
waving an ancient vision, innumerable roaring
taunting wounds, Garbo in warble bending, meeting
all interested parties, high-powered impurities, old fingers
louse comforting grow, enthusiastic examiner wears
phosphorus lavender gloves, on violet amethyst roofs
dingy blinding crowds and egos bursting below, she
watches, becoming the rhapsody, bee stabs purple
moon lips buttonhole watcher mirrors, long perished
last sunken aspiring astounding flights, to reach

that top you've been born centuries too late,
on a pulp wind, stirring peaceful rooms full of captive
bubbles – the million worth brilliant one yawns,
looses her parrot's leash, fires it up to suction
cafe full of sweet juices, eternal bells, red-bearded staccato
cages, no word of protest darkened surges, basket
holidays in half notes meet their foreign stands,
Sadie flirts with clusters, picking the stars, rum traders,
shabby psychology and prolonged papers, nude tip-toes,
such a rock'n'roll name

"Always Consider Again"

honor, this cases harmony?
impressed that this thing, universe, the experience,
and its conditions, affectations
aesthetical oscillations
change with hecatombs
of primitive innocence
allowed because of the depths it
springs from: character, divinity, the peaceable
simplicity of moral objects
most sentimental to movement
inexperienced
surprise

nothings! languages! poetical eggs!

guilty conscience of genius?
stop, produced in the judgment
of true, whatever is, he makes up originality
directing into, describing the source
of exchange: carried is sense, fielding, drop of bees,
advantage subject, nature in legato artifices
his predecessors, poets of self-love, homage imagination
conceived "he", the rigid example
of what should have action, grammar feeling:
a con, associated with any epoch
any manners, physically incapable
tangle

stimulated life:
simplicity joins lips, attractive circumstances
difficult horses
judgment will be there eternally
modern dry journeys, deities of what's right

sights! destinies! natures!
natures & excesses!